Vol. II. **LITERARY TABLET.** No. XIV.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

LASSAN—No. 2.

IF ſuch are the diſadvantages which reſult from evil ſpeaking, as expreſſed in our firſt number, then all ſhould be diſſuaded from it, ſo far as it is a vice. This benevolence requires.

Every one ought to conſider how cheap a kindneſs it is to ſpeak well, at leaſt not to ſpeak evil of any without ſufficient cauſe. To commend another, who is intitled to praiſe, is not difficult ; and to refrain from ſlandering another, is much more eaſy—ſeeing it only requires ſilence.

Where one cannot ſay any good of another, it is beſt not to ſay any evil of him, unleſs duty makes it neceſſary.

All ſhould beware of a party ſpirit. Nothing perhaps tends more to keep the flame of evil ſpeaking alive than this. They who are engaged in party affairs, are very apt to magnify the failings of their opponents, and to utter many things concerning them which they would not, except for the purpoſe of upholding a party.

A party ſpirit is very deſtructive to the good of a community—it cramps every noble ſentiment, renders men contracted in their views, and totally ſelfiſh in many of their purſuits.

Do any wiſh to promote the good of human ſociety, and be free from evil ſpeaking as a vice ? Let them ſhun every thing that has the appearance of ſelfiſhneſs, and exerciſe that philanthropy which is commendable in all.

No quality tends more to recommend one to the good will of another, generally, than to be free from this vice.

Such a perſon's friendſhip every one deſires, and they are apt to put confidence in him, becauſe they imagine he has a fixed principle of action. On the contrary nothing tends more to diſparage a man's character, among the ſober and virtuous, than to know that he is addicted to ſpeaking evil of others without a cauſe.

Such conduct makes it ſtrikingly evident, that real goodneſs does not predominate in his heart.

Is one apt to be affected, when others reproach him without a cauſe ? This of courſe ſhould be a powerful incentive in him, to ſpeak well of others inſtead of that which is evil, ſo far as he can with propriety.

Nothing ſurely is more equitable than this rule—that as we would wiſh to be commended, ſo far as conſiſtent, we ſhould be willing to commend, as far as we can with a good conſcience.

When one is about to ſpeak reproachfully of others, he ſhould juſt revolve it in his mind—whether he is not as much expoſed to reproach for the ſame practice of which he accuſes them.

But few are ſo innocent, or free, either from infirmities or greater faults, as not to be expoſed to reproach. The moſt amiable characters have ſome failings or infirmities which often ſubject them to the railery of a humorous or malicious wit : One ſhould therefore often turn his thoughts toward his own character, and conſider what faults he himſelf has been guilty of, before he is over ſevere in cenſuring others.

In many inſtances, it is as charitable to conceal the evil one hears and knows of others, as it would be to relieve them from diſtreſs.—No one ought to publiſh every thing he hears ; but certainly ought to wait till he is convinced that what he has heard is true, before he makes a further report. Many ill reports at one time and another have been circulated, which, when ſearched into, were found to have originated from miſrepreſentation.

He who eaſily believes a bad report, is almoſt as blame-worthy as he who ſpreads it. If people would content themſelves to ſay no more of others than what is true, ſlandering would be prevented, as well as unprofitable diſcourſe.

If all were poſſeſſed of ſo much benevolence, as to pity the failings of human nature, and be ſorry for the errors of the erring, they would abhor the idea of injuring each others character by the tongue of ſlander.—He cannot be conſidered to poſſeſs true benevolence, who is not ſorry for the faults of his greateſt enemies, as well as thoſe of his friends.

It is too cuſtomary with many, when they are mentioning others failings, to paſs over all their good qualities, and dwell only upon thoſe that are evil. But this is directly contrary to that charity that ſhould actuate the hearts of all. As it is always the moſt eligible to err on the charitable ſide, it is better to think too favorably of a bad man, than to attaint the reputation of one that is innocent.

It is a practice with ſome, when they hear an evil report concerning others, to make great allowances, and in proportion to the character of the perſon who makes the report : this is a good rule, and eſpecially where it is matter of notoriety that one is addicted to the practice of miſrepreſenting.

If one will aſſert nothing of a good man but his failings and imprudences, he may cauſe him to appear very deſpicable, eſpecially in a place where his character is not known.

That this vice may be prevented or at leaſt not become more odious, every one ſhould deteſt it in others, and beware not to practice it himſelf.—He ſhould mind his own buſineſs, and not proceed in tattling from houſe to houſe. He ſhould remember that he has better things to mind, than to employ his thoughts and ſpend his time in expreſſing that of others which is not true, or if true, that ought not to be heard.

If the few hints which have been ſuggeſted in this number, were to be obſerved and practiced upon, much of that animoſity and miſunderſtanding which is now prevalent would ceaſe —love would ſucceed to hatred, and friendſhip to diſaffection.—Thus citizens and neighbors when met, would feel as though they had one common intereſt, and that they would be highly culpable, if they ſhould expreſs any thing tending to its ſubverſion.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

> "——— Gold like blazing fire by night,
> Amid the ſtores of wealth that builds
> The mind aloft, is eminently bright."
> *Philips' tranſl. of Pindar.*

PINDAR was one of the moſt elegant of heathen writers. Thoſe of his works, which eſcaped the ruſt of time, diſplay all that grandeur of thought, and originality of expreſſion, peculiar to the Grecian poets.—The lines, which we have quoted, diſcover a ſimplicity and correctneſs of ſentiment, characteriſtic of the time, when they were compoſed ; and ſhow us a mortifying contraſt between ancient purity and modern corruption. In thoſe times, it appears, that gold was not valued, as the inſtrument of procuring ſenſual pleaſure, but was deſirable only to be employed in the cauſe of education, or in rewarding merit. Happy era, when avarice was not the tyrant of the heart ; when gold was ſought for only in the form of the Olympic prize ; or as an honorary memento of heroic actions !—How changed the times ! How altered this "enlightened age !"

> "——— all worſhip gold,
> Honors are purchas'd, love and beauty ſold."

How degrading a conſideration that this ſenſeleſs ſubſtance is, by almoſt the whole race of mankind, eſteemed the criterion of reſpectability.—Affluence, like the brilliant planet, leads friendſhip, honors and dignities as ſatellites in its train. It is eaſier to purchaſe the plaudits of thouſands, than to gain the eſteem of one by merit alone.—In the cabinet of nations, we rarely ſee men eminent for their intrinſic good qualities ; but reſpected and revered for the ſplendor of their poſſeſſions. And are there not rulers of nations, whoſe favor may be more eaſily obtained by a rich bribe, than by the ſupplications of poverty, though urged by the very genius of virtue ?—Yes, and there are prieſts, who would proudly refuſe a bleſſing to righteouſneſs in rags ; yet would grant abſolution to murder and aſſaſſination, if attended by a ſplendid equipage, and clothed in the glittering apparel of affluence !—Even the female mind does not eſcape the general contamination. We often ſee the fair maid ſtand at the altar of hymen with the ſkeleton of a man, whoſe countenance ſhows neither virtue nor ſenſibility, but is ſtamped with the "ghaſtly ſmile" of triumphant avarice.—And does ſhe preſent her heart to this object, at the ſacred altar ?—No, ſhe proſtitutes her affections to his gold ; influenced, perhaps, by the will of her ſuperanuated relatives, whoſe miſer-feeling ſouls know no joy but the ſatisfaction of accumulating wealth.

Offices and diſtinctions all have their prices; not the price of blood ſpilt by veterans in the ſervice of their country; no, to the ſhame of this age be it ſaid, the price of principles proſtituted to the views of ambition; the price of riches amaſſed from the ſcanty pittance of ambitious honeſty, or ſerved from the daily ſubſiſtence of the wretched ſlaves.

From theſe reflections, every virtuous mind revolts with the painful thought, that whatever ought to be held independent of every conſideration of ſenſual pleaſure, is ſwallowed up by an infatiate thirſt for gold.

Pauper et Superbus.

FOR THE TABLET.

Mr. Orlando,

I HAVE long felt an anxious deſire of affording you ſomething, whereby I might have the ſatisfaction of reflecting, that I had contributed my *mite* towards filling the columns of your uſeful paper. My inclination and ambition prompted me to attempt furniſhing you with an original production, but I was unable by ſeveral endeavors to pleaſe myſelf; conſequently, I abandoned the undertaking, preſuming that others would not be pleaſed with an offspring of my fancy, which I ſhould be aſhamed to own. As a *dernier* reſort, I am reſolved to give you an extract, which, my vanity aſſures me, will not be unacceptable to a portion of your readers. I ſhall make no comment thereon, or offer any recommendation in its favor, believing it abundantly recommends itſelf. It is an account of the talents of a celebrated *Italian* preacher, by as celebrated a contemporary. Agreeably to promiſe it ſhall ſpeak for itſelf. THEODORE.

EXTRACT.

"I was lately induced to attend one of his lectures, rather, to ſay the truth, through curioſity, than with the hope of being entertained. His appearance, however, intereſted me in his favor. His addreſs was ſtriking, and his eye marked intelligence. My expectations were raiſed. He began—I was attentive, a clear voice—ſelect expreſſion—elevated ſentiment. He divides his ſubject—I perceive his diſtinctions. Nothing perplexed; nothing inſipid; nothing languid. He unfolds the web of his argument—I am enthralled. He refutes the ſophiſm—I am freed. He introduces a pertinent narrative—I am intereſted. He modulates his voice—I am charmed. He is jocular—I ſmile. He preſſes me with ſerious truths—I yield to their force. He addreſſes the paſſions—the tears glide down my cheeks. He raiſes his voice in anger—I tremble and wiſh myſelf away."

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

REQUISITES FOR AN ORATOR.

"Non poſſe oratorem eſſe niſi virum bonum."

THE power of eloquence has been felt in all ages. It has ſubdued the rude and the refined mind. Its dominion is no leſs rightful, than is its influence extenſive. Confined to no climate, acknowledging no one man for its inventor, and owing no nation for its parent; its original, its habitation, and its empire, are the human heart.

Whoever has ſtudied man muſt be conſcious, that he is compounded of the moſt multifarious and oppoſite qualities. Indolent and active, weak and powerful, beneficent and cruel, zealous and indifferent, he is alternately borne away by the influence of contending paſſions. It is the ſame with ſocieties. Hence the neceſſity of a power, which ſhall be able to ſtimulate men to what is uſeful and right, and to reſtrain them from the contrary purſuit.—Hence it is the duty of an orator, to ſtudy the hiſtory of man, and to make himſelf acquainted with his rules of action. Having learnt the point of acceſs, he will be able to direct his force ſo, as to gain victory with eaſe, and to reap its honorable fruits.

Writers have generally agreed, that the foundation of all high attainments in eloquence conſiſts in a very exquiſite ſenſe of right and wrong, and in a ſupreme regard for truth. A character for moral worth is eſſential to an orator. The words of ſuch a man, his countenance and his geſture addreſs themſelves to principles, which, from ſympathy, are unreſiſtingly obedient to the eloquent artiſt. "No kind of language is ſo generally underſtood, and ſo powerfully felt, as the native language of worthy and virtuous feelings." The mind delights to contemplate examples of piety, patriotiſm, and beneficence. But as ſuch ſpectacles are rare, it dwells with rapture even on their deſcription. We involuntarily compare the words and actions of a man with our idea of the qualities of his mind. If he is beneficent and ſincere; his profeſſions and conduct caſt a luſtre on each other; virtue ſeems embodied; we feel ourſelves in her venerable preſence; our hearts ſwell with the delightful ſociety.

Such characters deſerve confidence: they ought to rule over the heart; their words deſcend like the dew, which purifies and ameliorates the earth; their example is an eloquent advocate of virtue.

I know, that men are often deceived by falſe pretences to virtue; and that words, which ought to be ſacred to great occaſions, are frequently proſtituted to the baſeſt purpoſes. But it is no juſt cauſe for triumph, that human infirmity ſometimes yields to baſe arts. Men are naturally credulous, and eaſily admit the reality, where they ſee the appearance of virtue. Having however no internal principle of life, the influence of the impious muſt be limited, their exiſtence muſt be brief. It is a conſolation to reflect, that when bad men aſſume the form, and utter the language of virtue; they virtually confeſs its dignity, and pay to it all the homage, of which they are capable.

If it is true, that to be a good man is the foundation of all real excellence in an orator, the ingenuous and aſpiring youth has an irreſiſtible argument in favor of virtue. You would, that Senates ſhould liſten to your counſel; you would reign in the thoughts and in the remembrance of men; cultivate at that period, when your mind is unoccupied by the purſuits of wealth or ambition, and when your heart is not ſteeled by misfortune, true love for country, and elevated piety to heaven.

[*Literary Miſcellany.*

Novel cure for the Gout.

A perſon known at Shadwell by the name of the Doctor, having got rid of a ſevere rheumatiſm by an extraordinary pedeſtrian exertion, a Mr. Longden, of Ratcliffe highway, who for years had been a crippled martyr to the gout, reſolved to attempt to walk off the malady; he accordingly laid a wager to walk from his houſe to Boſton, in Lincolnſhire, a diſtance of 117 miles, in four days. He ſtarted, lame in both feet, and ſupported himſelf on ſticks; the pains, however, gradually ſubſided as he advanced, and although nearly exhauſted by the fatigue of his march, he arrived within the appointed time, and on Friday returned home without the leaſt remains of the gout.

[*Eng. Paper.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Of the Character of Joseph A. Marshall, A. B. whoſe death was announced in No. 12.

Although we are oppoſed to the indiſcriminate beſtowment of praiſe upon the dead, and are far from thinking death canonizes all her victims; ſtill, at the untimely removal of ſuch a flower from the fields of ſcience, we deem it a duty to our own feelings, and a due to departed worth, to take ſuitable notice of this ſolemn event.

While we lament the premature flight of ſuch excellence from our land, we are fully ſenſible we can but faintly deſcribe our loſs to thoſe, who never knew the ground of our expectations. Our acquaintance with the deceaſed commenced at Dartmouth Univerſity in the beginning of 1801, and an intimacy was kept up until very near the day of his death. He took the ſtanding of a ſophomore in 1800, and graduated in 1803. Since the time of his graduation, he had proſecuted the ſtudy of Law at Groton, Maſs. until he was attacked by his laſt diſeaſe. Senſible from the nature of his diſtemper of the havoc it muſt ſoon make upon his conſtitution, he "collected his robes" and prepared himſelf to meet the frowns of the Deſtroyer.

A deſcription of the character of this young man, to thoſe acquainted with his merits, might ſeem an unjuſtifiable exaggeration; but faint would the delineation appear to thoſe, who knew his worth.

As a companion, he was agreeable and inſtructive; as a friend, ſincere and diſintereſted; as a ſcholar, full of enterprize, and perſevering. His original and penetrating genius made him quick to diſcover truth, while his ſacred regard to her injunctions rendered him equally ready to the detection and expoſure of error.

For his knowledge of the claſſics, he was much diſtinguiſhed; though his capacious mind was not confined to theſe. During the hours of relaxation from the ardor of claſſical

purſuit, he had acquired a fund of information upon a variety of ſubjects. It may truly be ſaid he was ambitious. But his ambition led him not to ſeek the depreſſion of another as a ſtep to his own elevation. It excited him only to the uſe of honorable means; and theſe alone were fully ſufficient to give him all he wiſhed. In eloquence, while a member of college, he was unequalled. His compſitions were elegant and ſentimental, and his delivery moving and natural. Three of his orations, which he pronounced during the laſt year of his collegiate life, are recollected to have been peculiarly excellent. They were free from thoſe puerilities, commonly found in the early productions even of *authors* of *genius*. They were upon theſe ſubjects, viz. 'The Downfall of the Liberties of the Swiſs,' 'The Importance of Religion for the ſupport of Civil Government,' and upon 'Genius.' Intereſting and important as are the ſubjects, they received ample juſtice from his pen. In his firſt, while deſcribing the cruelties of the French towards the defenceleſs inhabitants of Switzerland, he tranſported his audience to the rocks of Helvetia, where he made them liſten to the ſhrieks of raviſhed innocence, and clearly pointed out to them the mangled corpſes of martyred patriots. In his oration upon 'The importance of religion for the ſupport of civil government,' after he had proved the truth of his poſition by fair concluſions from well eſtabliſhed premiſes, and while painting the deſtruction of every thing ſacred and virtuous, in the crimſon torrent of Gallic infidelity, he threw all his hearers into an ague. This was ſoon ſucceeded by a gentle glow, ariſing from a full view of the happy contraſt between the people of this country, under the ſalutary reſtraints of law and of religion, and thoſe of France under the tyranny of atheiſm and anarchy. When he pronounced his oration on 'Genius,' with which were accompanied the valedictory addreſſes for the Commencement in which he graduated, his audience felt all its flaſhings, as emanating from a favorite child.

After enumerating ſo many ſhining excellencies in the character of our departed friend, it may be aſked, if ſome ſhades ought not to be thrown upon the picture. To which inquiry we reply in the affirmative; though all his faults are forgotten in the recollection of his many and ſplendid virtues. To crown all the other good and great qualities in his character, we muſt not omit to mention he was a *ſincere chriſtian*. At the ſolemn hour of death, when the honors of title and the ſplendors of wealth ceaſe to faſcinate, an unſhaken confidence in the atoning merits of a crucified Saviour, and a firm belief of having obtained an intereſt in them, buoyed up his ſinking ſpirits, and made him welcome the embraces of the '*grim tyrant*,' as neceſſary to the departure of his immortal ſoul from its "tenement of clay" to that place of happineſs, where "the wicked ceaſe from troubling and the weary be at reſt."

The crime of ſuicide is ſo frequent in Paris, that a Pamphlet has been lately publiſhed in that city, entitled, "Every man his own hangman."

FARRAGO.

YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL.

ON the firſt Monday in May a School will be opened, in a chamber of the Academy in this place, for the inſtruction of young Ladies in *reading*, *needle-work*, and *painting*. One half of the day they will ſpend in purſuing the above mentioned branches, under the care of an Inſtructreſs; the other half they will paſs, in a different apartment, and under the direction of an Inſtructor, in attending to *writing*, *Engliſh grammar*, *arithmetic*, *geography* and *compoſition*.

The tuition of thoſe, who are taught painting, embroidery, or other fine needle-work, will be three dollars a quarter; thoſe who attend only to reading and common ſewing will be charged one dollar and fifty cents.

The Inſtructreſs is recommended as poſſeſſing an unblemiſhed character, together with every qualification requiſite in her ſphere of inſtruction.

As Schools of this deſcription are unfrequent in this part of the country, it is preſumed that gentlemen in this and the neighboring towns will not neglect ſo favorable an opportunity for giving their daughters thoſe accompliſhments, which will render them more agreeable companions and more uſeful members of ſociety.

Board and other accommodations can be obtained at reſpectable houſes, and on reaſonable terms. Thoſe who expect to attend the School are requeſted to make application before the 20th of April.

Hanover, March 20, 1805.

Northampton, Feb. 26.

SUICIDES.

On Saturday evening the 16th inſt. Joſeph King of Suffield, (Con.) put a period to his life by ſwallowing a quantity of laudanum.—In Dec. laſt, Dr. Eraſtus King, brother of the deceaſed, put an end to his life in the ſame manner.

On Sunday, the 3d inſt. Ebenezer Pratt of South-Brimfield, was found on a hay mow in his barn, dead, with his throat cut in a ſhocking manner. The coroner's inqueſt brought in a verdict of "*premeditated ſelf-murder.*"

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Kentucky, to his friend in Philadelphia, dated Feb. 15.

"The oldeſt inhabitants in this country do not recollect a winter ſo ſevere as the preſent.

"The Ohio broke up about the 10th ultimo, and the damage ſuſtained thereby is incalculable. It was my misfortune to be an eye-witneſs to nearly all of it: in the courſe of one day I ſaw no leſs than eight flat-bottomed and four keel-boats, ſome of which were loaded, ten ferry-boats, between 26 and 80 canoes, and a houſe, deſcending the river among the ice.

"To ſee trunks, bales, boxes, &c. with people frozen to death, floating down, was ſufficient to melt the ſtouteſt heart.

"Three families from Virginia and Maryland, moving to this country, containing 31 ſouls in one boat, had it ſtove, and every ſoul periſhed. Two boats more were ſtove about two miles above where I was, boats, cargoes, and crews all loſt. I loſt my boat, but in every other reſpect ſuſtained very little damage."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGLAUS' favor is received, and ſhall be given to our readers in the next Tablet. We have read it with pleaſure, and think the writer is not deſtitute of poetic talents.

F.'s production will ſoon be publiſhed.

It is very apparent that J. H. is wanting in one thing to make him a moderately good compoſer, and that is *genius*. His paper is replete with grammatical error, and conſummate nonſenſe.

The Caterer ſhall appear in our next. We ſincerely hope his *firſt* number will not be his *laſt*.

ORDAINED,

At Walpole, the Rev. Pliny Dickinſon, as colleague with the Rev. Thomas Feſſenden.

At Bradford, (N. H.) Rev. Lemuel Bliſs.

MARRIED,

At Brookfield, Mr. Elijah Davenport, mer. of Boſton, to Miſs Suſan Ward.

Text—'The lion ſhall *lie down* with the lamb.' *Improvement*—Married, in Rutland, (Ver.) Mr. Thomas *Lyon*, to Miſs Betſey *Lamb*.

At Middletown, (Con.) Mr. *Juſtin Lyman*, of Hartford, mer. to Miſs *Frances Goodwin*.

London, Dec. 13.—The Earl of Ormond yeſterday led to the Hymeneal altar the amiable Miſs Clark, of Sutton Hall, who is poſſeſſed of a fortune of near 30,000l. per annum, beſides near 100,000l. in ready caſh.

"*What equals this?*
"*In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!*
"*To ſmile at death, and long to be diſſolv'd!*
"*From our decays a pleaſure to receive!*
"*And kindle into tranſport at a grave!*"

DIED,

At Litchfield, (Con.) Iſaac Baldwin, Eſq. aged 94, long a clerk of court.

At Hadley, on the 24th ult. Mrs. *Thankful Kellogg*, wife of Mr. Gardner Kellogg, æt. 77.

Tueſday the 5th inſt. departed this life, Mrs. LYDIA MANN, in the 58th year of her age, conſort of JOHN MANN, Eſq. of Orford, after a diſtreſſing ſickneſs of about eight weeks.

At Londonderry, on the 4th inſt. Mr. *David Adams*, aged 22, a member of the Senior Claſs at Harvard Univerſity.

At Boſton, Hon. Peleg Coffin, Eſq. æt. 48.

In Litchfield, ſuddenly, of the lock-jaw, Mr. Appleton Kilborn, aged 69.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

THE POET's TREASURE.

'TIS often ſaid, of all the trades,
That worthy men purſue,
A Poet's trade is far the worſt
And brings the leaſt to view.

Whilſt plenty crowns the Doctor's board,
And Lawyers feel their gain,
Poor Poets ſcribble hard for nought,
And feel of want the pain.

Whilſt Coblers, Pedlars, ſuch like folks,
Whoſe earnings are but ſmall,
Can paſs the circling year around
And anſwer every call;

Yet Poets, wretched creatures they,
Seem deſtin'd to be poor;
For oft they ſuffer much through want,
Oft take the beggar's tour.

Here Sappho aſks and waits reply,
What's nought to real worth?
Or, what's a barren piece of ſoil,
Compar'd to fruitful earth?

The Painter, priding in his art,
His ſkilful pencil moves;
He draws a fair, delightful form
Th' admiring world approves.

Yet all his paints are dearly bought
And quite as dearly ſold;
His pictures, drawn in coſtly ſtate,
Are barter'd out for gold.

But Poets ne'er for ſtock depend
On cuſtom nor on times;
The world's their treaſure, freely given
With all its varied climes.

For them fair Flora moves in ſight,
Perfuming ev'ry breeze;
For them rich Ceres loads the earth
And Commerce ſails the ſeas.—

But, O! when ſome, delightful form
Alfredo would portray,
Ten thouſand charms of lov'lieſt kind
Around his eyebrows play.

Circaſſian maidens ſend an eye
With ſweet, enchanting airs,
Columbian fair ones bluſhes give
With ſmiles, that beauty wears.

From ev'ry part new graces come
To make the form complete,
'Tis done—the Poet's matchleſs ſkill
Unnumber'd tongues repeat.

What Prince on earth can then compare
In revenue or ſway,
With bards, who ſang in ancient times,
Or ſing the preſent day?

Illuſtrious Bards! the roſes bloom
And yearly fruits renew;
The fair ones ſmile with fond delight,
And all to favor you.

SAPPHO.

SELECTED POETRY.

The Angler and the Philoſopher.

A FABLE.

BESIDE a gentle murm'ring brook
An angler took his patient ſtand:
He ey'd the ſtream with anxious look,
And wav'd his rod with cautious hand.

The bait with niceſt art was dreſt,
The fiſhes left their ſafe retreat,
And one more eager than the reſt,
Look'd, long'd, and ſwallow'd the deceit.

Lur'd by the beauty of the day,
The ſun now ſinking in the ſky,
A ſage purſu'd his walk that way,
And ſaw the bleeding victim die.

Far in the vale of years declin'd
He watch'd the courſe of nature's law,
And thus, with philoſophic mind,
He moraliz'd on what he ſaw.

Indulge a while the penſive vein,
And fix this image in your mind;
You've hook'd a fiſh, obſerve its pain,
And view the ſtate of human kind.

Fate gives us line, we ſhift the ſcene,
And jocund traverſe to and fro,
Pain, ſickneſs, ſtill will intervene,
We feel the hook where'er we go.

If, proudly we our ſchemes extend
And look beyond the preſent hour,
We find our ſtraiten'd proſpects end
And own an over-ruling pow'r.

A while we ſport, a while lament,
Fate checks the line and we are gone,
Dragg'd from our wonted element
To diſtant climes, untry'd, unknown.

Extract from MERRY's *Pains of Memory.*

THRO' life's myſterious vale, from day to day,
Man, wretched pilgrim journeys on his way;
Here tow'ring palaces attract his view,
There the lorn hovel ſhews its tatter'd crew;
And if ſome caſual flow'rs his ſenſes greet,
Still rending brambles cling around his feet;
While, but a little onward, hangs the gloom
That hides the ſolemn precinct of the tomb:
Yet, lur'd by hope, a forward courſe he ſteers,
And ſhuns the painful retroſpect of years.
For who, among the lowly, or the high,
His travers'd path with rapture can deſcry?
Some wild deſire, ſome ſad miſtake has caſt
Severe remorſe, or ſorrow on the paſt;
Some former faults ſhall preſent ſolace curb,
Or fair occaſion loſt, his peace diſturb;
Some fatal chance has ruin'd ev'ry ſcheme,
And prov'd his brighteſt proſpects but a dream.
E'en thoſe, who by the million are confeſt,
The nobleſt, trueſt, wiſeſt and the beſt,
Shall in repining thankleſſneſs declare,
They might have been far happier than they are;
And oft exclaim, "If time would but renew,
How diff'rent were the ſyſtem to purſue!"

JACK's FIDELITY.

IF ever a ſailor was fond of good ſport,
'Mongſt the girls, why that ſailor was I;
Of all ſizes and ſorts I'd a wife at each port;
But, when that I ſaw Polly Ply,
I hail'd her my lovely, and gav'd her a kiſs,
And ſwore to bring up once for all:
And from that time, black Barnaby ſplic'd us till this,
I've been conſtant and true to my Poll.

And yet now all ſorts of temptations I've ſtood;
For I afterwards ſail'd round the world,
And queer ſet we ſaw of the devil's own brood,
Wherever our ſails we unfurl'd;
Some with faces like charcoal, and others like chalk,
Already our hearts to o'erhaul;
"Dont you go to love me, my good girl, ſaid I—walk—
I've ſworn to be conſtant to Poll.

I met with a ſquaw, out at India beyond,
All in glaſs and tobacco-pipes dreſs'd;
What a dear pretty monſter, ſo kind and ſo fond
That I ne'er was a moment at reſt.
With her bobs at her noſe, and her quaw, quaw, quaw,
All the world like a bartlemy doll;
Said I—"You Miſs Copperſkin, juſt hold your jaw,
For I ſhall be conſtant to Poll.

Then one near Sumatra, juſt under the line,
As fond as a witch in a play:
"I love you, ſays ſhe, and juſt only be mine,
Or by poiſon I'll take you away."
"Curſe your kindneſs, ſays I, but you can't frighten me,
You don't catch a gudgeon this haul;
If I do take your rats-bane, why then do you ſee
I ſhall die true and conſtant to Poll."

But I 'ſcap'd from 'em all; tawny, lily, and black,
And merrily weather'd each ſtorm;
And my neighbors to pleaſe, full of wonders came back,
But what's better, I'm grown pretty warm.
And ſo now to ſea I ſhall venture no more,
For you know, being rich, I've no call;
So I'll bring up young tars—do my duty on ſhore,
And live and die conſtant to POLL.

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